

1918

The Bulletin, annual edition (1918)

Minnesota. State Normal School (Moorhead, Minn.)

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The
BULLETIN
ANNUAL EDITION
1918



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
MORRIS, MINNESOTA

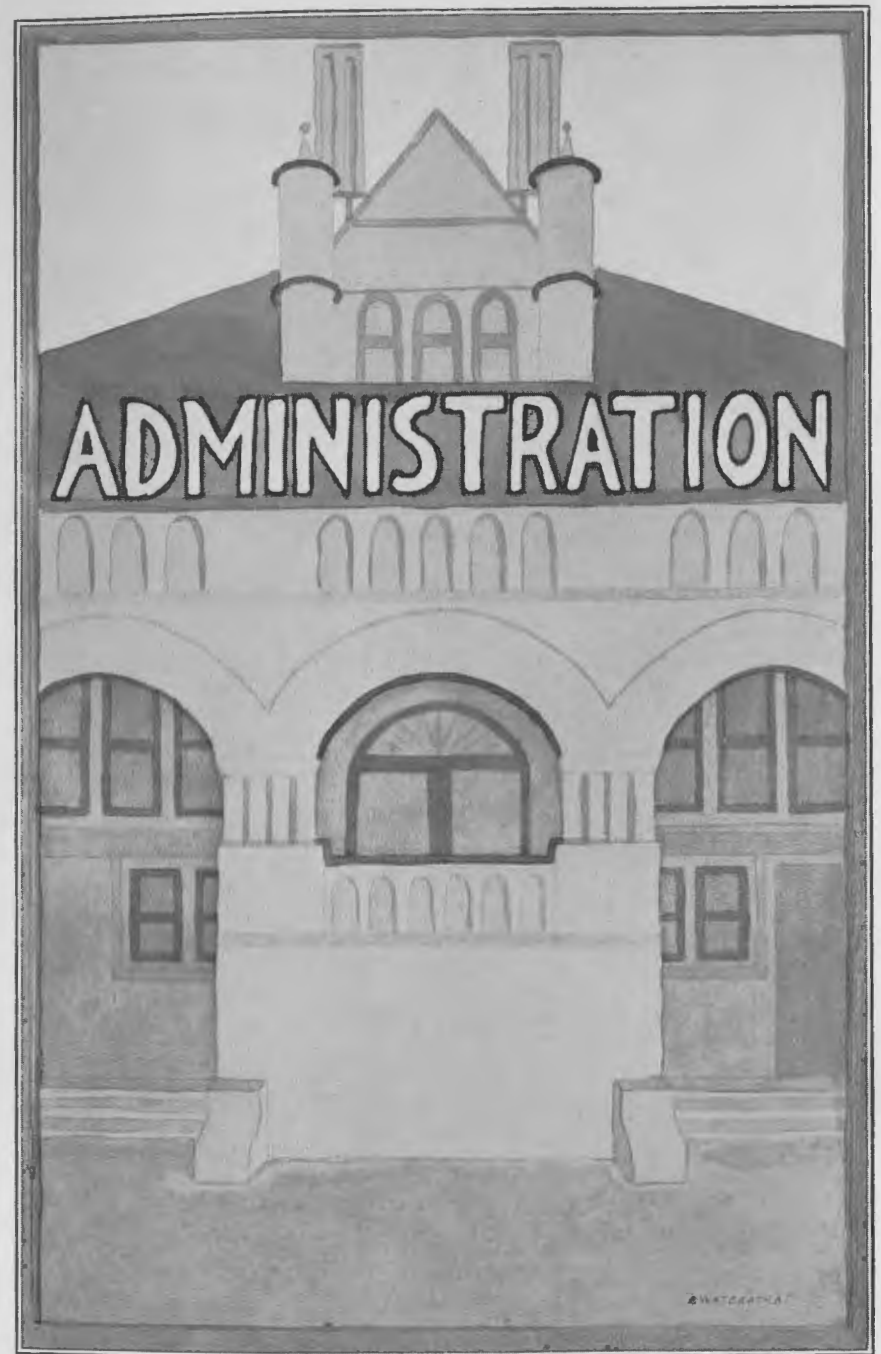
ANNUAL EDITION
The
BULLETIN
Moorhead State Normal School



TO THE SPIRIT OF
DEMOCRACY---

*For the preservation of which
in the life of the world our
nation and our boys are fighting---*

*For the realization of which in
our schoolrooms and our communities
we count it our highest privilege
and duty, as American teachers,
to labor.*





THE FACULTY

FRANK A. WELD, M. A., LL. D.	President
CASWELL A. BALLARD, B. S.	Biological Science
NATALIE THORNTON, B. A.	Dean of Women, English
BELLE M. DEANS, Ph. B.	Superintendent of Elementary School
KATHARINE LEONARD, M. A.	Mathematics
EDWARD R. COLLINS, M. A., Ph. D.	Psychology, History of Education
MAUDE HAYES, M. A.	Reading
BURL G. MARTIN, M. A.	English Grammar, Director of Extension Work
ALLEN F. WOOD, B. A.	Physical Sciences, Registrar
JOHN W. ECK, B. A.	Manual Training
*GEORGE B. KENDALL, B. S.	Physical Sciences, Agriculture
*STEPHEN SARGENT VISHER, M. A., Ph. D.	Geography
RAYMOND H. DURBORAW, M. A., Ph. D.	History, Sociology
MARTHA L. METCALF, B. S.	Home Economics
JOHN TOWNER FREDERICK, M. A.	English
HARLEY D. MITCHELL, M. A.	School Administration, Theory of Education
IZELLA M. DART, B. A.	Librarian
C. E. HUFF, M. A.	Geography
LIEUTENANT HOLGAR C. LANGMACK, (Danish Army)	Physical Education
*ALLENE COFFLAND, B. A.	Physical Training
HELEN WELTER, B. A.	Assistant in History
EDNA G. BENSON, B. A.	Drawing
BELLE DREDGE, B. A.	Principal Intermediate School
BLANCHE LOUDON, B. S.	Assistant in English
JENNIE M. SANDERS, M. Di.	Principal Upper Intermediate Department
VIVIEN HAINER-GERALDSON, Ph. B.	Principal Lower Intermediate Department
MARY C. RAINEY, B. S.	Principal Primary Department
HELEN HARRELSON, B. S., Ph. B.	Assistant in Primary Department
MARGARET KELLY, B. A.	Penmanship, Assistant in English
MARY A. CONANT	Physical Education
*ETHEL M. BANTA	Kindergarten Department
J. HAROLD POWERS	Music
MILLE H. DAHL	House Director
BESSIE HOPKINS	Assistant in Home Economics
EUNICE RYAN, B. A.	Assistant in Home Economics
MAUDE HANSON	Assistant in Intermediate School
MARTHA AMUNDSON	Assistant in Intermediate Department
MABEL L. BENSON	Assistant in Lower Intermediate Department
WILHELMINA MEYER	Assistant in Kindergarten Department
*BERNICE SMITH	Assistant Librarian
FRANCES LINDBLOOM	Resident Nurse
ANNA J. HANDEYSIDE	Accountant
RUBY WALDIE	Assistant Registrar
CEDI A. LINDGREN	Text-Book Librarian
PAULA JOHNSON	Assistant in Office
WANDA S. STEGER	Secretary

*Resigned March 1, 1918.





LOIS ZICKEFOOSE

Advanced Fargo, N. D.

EDNA JANE PENDER

Advanced Barnesville

LOWELL M. SHERMAN

Advanced St. Vincent

ROSY BROTHEN

Advanced Ulen

LELA HOYT

Music Barnesville

MINNIE HOLSTEN

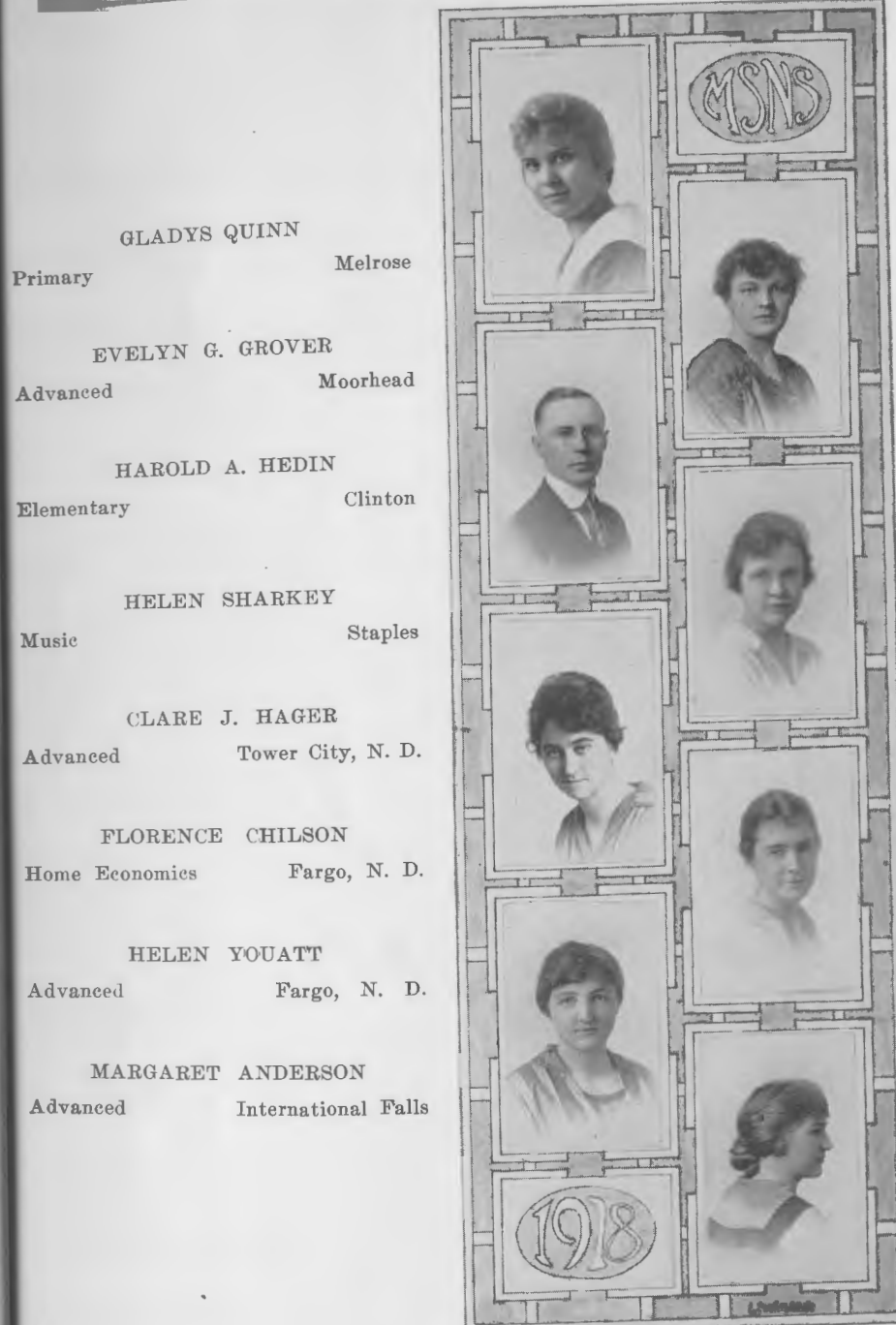
Advanced Stephen

AURELIA B. McLAUGHLIN

Home Economics Donnelly

RUTH CRONQUIST

Primary Erskine



GLADYS QUINN

Primary Melrose

EVELYN G. GROVER

Advanced Moorhead

HAROLD A. HEDIN

Elementary Clinton

HELEN SHARKEY

Music Staples

CLARE J. HAGER

Advanced Tower City, N. D.

FLORENCE CHILSON

Home Economics Fargo, N. D.

HELEN YOUATT

Advanced Fargo, N. D.

MARGARET ANDERSON

Advanced International Falls



GRACE LOUDON

Home Economics Moorhead

INEZ J. BJORNSON

Primary Twin Valley

ELLA S. LARSON

Advanced Fergus Falls

EVELYN LUND

Primary Twin Valley

RUTH BOTHNE

Advanced Ulen

MARION SHIELDS

Advanced Chicago, Ill.

AGNES OLSON

Primary Crookston

TRESSA MAUS

Primary Spooner



OLIVE GOODRICH

Primary Glyndon

SWANHILD JAHREN

Primary Lake Park

ODINA BEAUDIN

Advanced Kent

ESTHER C. NELSON

Advanced Moorhead

TOMENA LEE

Advanced Erhard

HULDA V. PETERSON

Primary Fergus Falls

CAROLYN BAKKE

Advanced Gary

ANNA E. BRODINE

Advanced Felton



HELEN ERICKSON
Advanced Red Lake Falls

FREDA NORDEN
Advanced Wadena

ALICE NEWMAN
Elementary Barre

HELEN N. HOWE
Primary Red Wing

KATHLEEN GANNON
Advanced Cass Lake

ALTA FITZSIMMONS
Primary Glyndon

ANNA M. JOHNSON
Primary Alexandria

LULU CHISHOLM
Primary Fargo, N. D.

JUEL WATNE
Home Economics Moorhead

MYRTLE OLSON
Advanced Glenwood

PETER NORDBY
Advanced Alexandria

IDUNA BERTEL
Advanced Pillager

LUCILE McLAUGHLIN
Home Economics Donnelly

MARIE L. ROSS
Primary Montevideo

ESTHER C. MARTENSON
Advanced Henning

LENORE E. McGRANN
Drawing Fargo, N. D.





MABEL ERICKSON

Music

Beardsl

ESTHER A. JOHNSON

Advanced

Evansvi

MARGUERITE SULA BORNMA

Advanced

Fargo, N. D.

JAMES BALLARD

Advanced

Moorhea

GLADYS BLAKE

Primary

Luc

MARTHA KLEPPE

Advanced

Newfold

HARRIET BRAINARD

Primary

Devils Lake, N. D.

ELSIE L. YOUNG

Primary

Cottonwood, Mont.

MARY SHEAFF

Primary

Fargo, N. D.

LORAIN R. CAMERON

Advanced

Fargo, N. D.

MERL CLASEY

Advanced

Ulen

OLGA A. KUETER

Primary

Breckenridge

LOTTIE M. SWARTZ

Advanced

Eau Claire, Wis.

PEARL V. BERGESON

Primary

Lake Park

MINNIE HOLSTEN

Advanced

Stephen

KATHARINE KEESHAN

Advanced

Morris





FRANCES IRGENS

Music

Glenwood

EDITH L. RUSK

Drawing

Fargo, N. D.

EMMA WATERSTRAT

Music

Crookston

ELLA E. SEXTON

Elementary

St. Paul

LILLIAN F. PEDERSON

Primary

Benson

KLARA FOSSEN

Music

Fergus Falls

MARION MARSHALL

Primary

Willmar

BESSIE A. RAY

Advanced

Frazar

ALICE L. SETHNEY
Advanced Twin Valley

FLORENCE TYRER
Advanced Fargo, N. D.

VIRGINIA GAGE
Music Hamilton, Mont.

MARIE ERDAHL
Advanced Donnelly

ETHEL THOMPSON
Primary Fargo, N. D.

SADIE MAY KELLAS
Primary Fargo, N. D.

ALICE BONDY
Advanced Battle Lake

FLORENCE QUICK
Primary Fargo, N. D.





HELEN M. ADAMS

Advanced Moorhead

FLORENCE CRAIG

Advanced Grand Rapids

VICTOR E. WESTLUND

Advanced Fargo, N. D.

MABEL LILLESVE

Advanced McIntosh

HARRIET THOMPSON

Advanced Hennepin

ADELINE E. LINDSTRAND

Primary Warren

STELLA KENNEY

Advanced Wheaton

EILEEN BAKER

Music Deer River



MATILDA G. KRAUS

Advanced Vergas

ERMA BROKER

Primary Fergus Falls

WALTER MONK

Advanced Moorhead

JOYCE E. BALFOUR

Home Economics Fergus Falls

ETHEL WARNER

Primary Moorhead

SENIOR CLASS PLAY



Elsie Young as Zuleika

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

The annual Senior Class Play was given during the afternoon and evening of Friday, April 25, 1918. The play presented this year was "Joseph and His Brethren," a four-act pageant play written by Louis N. Parker. In it the author has attempted to tell the life story of the Hebrew, Joseph, from the day on which he attains the state of manhood to the time when he, as lord of Egypt, after having made himself known to the brethren who years before had sold him into slavery, welcomes his aged father, Jacob, into the land of Egypt.

The author follows rather closely the Biblical narrative, picturing such scenes as the selling of Joseph to the Ishmaelites, temptation by the wife of Potiphar, the interpretation of Pharaoh's dream, and Joseph's making himself known to his brethren. Into this story are woven others of purely Egyptian setting, which give to the whole drama variety and unity. The Biblical background of the play, together with the fact that the net proceeds were to be donated by the class to Red Cross service, made this by far the most popular play ever given at the Normal School.

The afternoon performance was attended largely by the children of the city, a special rate having been made for them. The evening performance was staged before a crowded house. A group of Junior class girls, attired as Red Cross nurses, acted as ushers. Those who witnessed the production were unanimous in their enthusiastic appreciation of the brilliancy of costumes and lighting effects, of the beauty of the stage pictures, and of the remarkably uniform excellence of the acting.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CANAANITES

Jacob	James Ballard
Reuben	Alice Bondy
Sons of Leah	
Simeon	Carolyn Bakke
Levi	Marion Marshall
Judah	Harriet Thompson
Sons of Bilhah	
Dan	Helen Youatt
Naphtali	Alice Sethney
Sons of Zilpah	
Gad	Harriet Brainard
Asher	Aurelia McLaughlin
Later Sons of Leah	
Issachar	Kathleen Gannon
Zebulun	Ruth Cronquist
Sons of Rachel	
Joseph	Tressa Maus
Benjamin	Helen Howe
Rachel	Huldah Peterson
Bilhah	Lula Chisholm
Zilpah	Loraine Cameron
Serah, daughter of Asher	Virginia Gage
First Slave	
Second Slave	
Third Slave	
Tamai, chief maid in waiting to Zuleika	
Florence Quick	

EGYPTIANS

Pharaoh	Ralph Paxton
Potiphar, captain of Pharaoh's Army	Victor Westlund
Imhotep, chief butler to Pharaoh	Ella Iverson
Serseru, chief baker to Pharaoh	Edna Rosengren
Banofer, lord treasurer	Joyce Balfour
Dedefre, a noble	Tomena Lee
Officers in Potiphar's Household	
Heru	Martha Kleppe
Ani	Alice Newman
Tehuti	Matilda Kraus
Sebni	Marie Ross
Atha	Juel Watne
Menthu, high priest of Neith	Peter Nordby
Ansu, chief magician	Lois Zickefoose
Iri, chief soothsayer	Grace Loudon
Enenkhet, captain of the prison, afterwards Steward to Joseph	Agnes Olson
Pesbes, the court dwarf	Madeline Gleason
An Officer of the Prison	Ralph Iverson
A Runner	Iduna Bertel
Zuleika	Elsie Young
Asenath, daughter to Menthu	Lucile Cram
Wakara, tiring woman to Zuleika	Florence Chilson
Maids-in-Waiting to Zuleika	
Mehtu	Ethel Thompson
Anset	Freda Norden
Arilennu	Florence Craig
Taherer	Frances Irgens
Nesta	Lela Hoyt

Noble Ladies

Shepset	Emma Waterstrat
Khenen	Marion Shields
Solo Dancer	Sula Bornman

Children

Dudley Powers, Birch Horton.

Warriors

Clayton Berrigan, Charles Lein, Lowell Sherman, Frederick Rosel, Terry Sharpe, Ralph Iverson

Nubian Slaves

Agnes Aastadt, Adeline Thomason, Lillie Meyer, Mayme Christenson, Ruth Pederson, Agnes Holten.

Ethiopian Slaves

Harold Hedin, Melvin Underdahl, Swanhild Jahren, Mabel Lillesve, Herbert Bjorquist, Rosy Brothen.

Dancers

Margaret Anderson, Evelyn Lund, Lillian Pederson, Adeline Lindstrand, Irma Broker, Inez Bjornson.

Priests

Florence Tyrer, Myrtle Olson.

Magicians

Ella Larson, Odina Beaudin.



The Temptation of Joseph

JUNIOR

1919

MLD

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Aamodt, Esther D.
 Aamoth, Cora O.
 Aastad, Agnes P.
 Adams, Eunice O.
 Alberts, Esther M.
 Alstadt, Amalia J.
 Anderson, Alice M.
 Anderson, Lenore Emagean
 Anderson, Lenora Esther
 Barke, Gladys
 Bartholet, Zita
 Berg, Myrtle J.
 Berrigan, Clayton J.
 Bjorgen, Helga
 Bjorkquist, Herbert G.
 Borg, Anna Henrietta
 Brisbane, Marie L.
 Burns, Isabella
 Byler, Vera C.
 Carpenter, Ada S.
 Christenson, Mayme E.
 Dahlstrom, Lillian M.
 Dolan, Laura
 Efteland, Bertha
 Efteland, Esther
 Evans, Harriet B.
 Evanson, Elisa M.
 Flaten, Alice M.
 Forsythe, Grace
 Freeborn, Frances
 Frigstad, Anne G.
 Fuchs, Emma L.
 Gletne, Anna J.
 Gowan, Anna M.
 Granfor, Bertha
 Gunderson, Mary L.
 Hammergren, Mildred M.
 Hanson, Elsie J.
 Hanson, Harriet H.
 Hatlestad, Helen M.
 Hearl, Melvin E.
 Hemmelgarn, Clara E.
 Hogsven, Hannah M.
 Holten, Agnes M.
 Homstad, Mabel S.
 Hudson, Bernice F.
 Iverson, Ella C.
 Jadrny, Anna M.
 Johnson, Alys C.
 Johnson, Edna M.
 Kapphahn, Lena M.
 Kastet, Alma
 Keene, Dorothy A.
 Kelly, Rose C.
 Latta, Romayne
 Ladner, Marion
 Lein, Chas. F.
 Lewis, Flora
 Lindale, Delphine
 Lochrem, Mae R.
 Logan, Irma E.

Lord, Pauline B.
 Lowe, Lillian
 Lund, Deborah
 Lund, Harriet
 Mallinger, Monie E.
 Meyer, Lily
 Moe, Martha T.
 Nicholls, May A.
 Nicholls, Stella
 Nunns, Eleanor
 Nygaard, Julia
 Nyland, Elvira
 Olson, Lillie
 O'Neill, Phonsie
 Onstad, Myrtle
 Parsons, Ethel M.
 Patterson, Olive
 Paulson, Ruth
 Paulsrud, Ruth
 Paxton, Ralph
 Pederson, Esther M.
 Pederson, Ruth H.
 Pierce, Helen C.
 Porten, Judith H.
 Ranes, Margaret
 Reardon, Marcella
 Richards, Alice
 Robertson, Bertha
 Rosengren, Edna A.
 Rosenthal, Lydia
 Rost, Ellen C.
 Rude, Mabel O.
 Rusch, Carrie M.
 Russell, Pearl M.
 Salo, Helmie E.
 Schmidt, Sophie C.
 Scouler, Hazel
 Scouler, Mary
 Sharpe, Belinda
 Simonitsch, Gertrude
 Sjoberg, Ethel M.
 Sjoquist, Lillian F.
 Solom, Clara L.
 Sondrall, Myrtle L.
 Stahl, Marie F.
 Storm, Olga I.
 Strand, Helen M.
 Studlien, Alida B.
 Sunstrom, Ethel M.
 Swanson, Lillian
 Thomason, Adeline
 Thompson, Frances A.
 Thompson, Jencina
 Tiala, Ida
 Towers, Jean I.
 Vanhorn, Bonnie L.
 Van Slyke, Eloise M.
 Waldon, Grace H.
 Webster, Mary C.
 Wyland, Fern N.



HISTORY OF JUNIOR CLASS

Beginning on the morning of September third the members of the Junior class came streaming in on the trains. They came from the four corners of the earth. All day they came and the next day too. They came loaded down with suit cases, satchels, grips, traveling bags, and boxes. Some of them wandered about in the graveyard chasing spooks after dark because they could not find the Normal School. They were almost as green as the proverbial Freshman. One girl can tell you how she became lost and wandered through one corridor after another and finally reached the Elementary Building. All the time she had been unable to find her way out. At last she found someone to pilot her safely back through the subterranean passages to the halls.

There were two girls who seemed to think Moorhead clock did not run as fast as other clocks. One night they went out walking. They were so enchanted by the moonlight that they walked and walked. By and by they saw that everyone had gone in, but it did not occur to them that they ought to too. So they walked and walked. The stillness became oppressive. Urged on by the demand of the sand man they returned to the hall. But! The side door was locked! The front door was locked! How were they to get in. It would not do to let the authorities know that they had broken the rules so soon. Fortunately they roomed on the first floor. They called very softly to their room-mate but could not rouse her. Now here is where mystery enters. They went back to the front door resolved to ring the bell as a last means of rescue from an all night airing. But behold! The door was open just a little bit. Whether their guardian angel came down from above and opened that door or some night walker opened it in her sleep still remains an unsolved mystery.

But the Juniors gradually grew used to Normal ways and to the proctor who tapped on the door at night. They settled down to the serious business of becoming teachers of the young,—except when a mouse appeared in the dining room, when they all stood on their chairs. Then one morning some of them appeared with their hair down like the tiny girls they were expecting to teach. The next day the boys appeared in such garb as is seldom worn outside an asylum. Their neckties were flowing down their backs and although the weather was cold they wore white linen trousers. But no one minded a few discomforts. Their initiation was soon over and they were fully fledged Gams, Owls, and Witches. All was comparatively quiet until Thanksgiving when a regular hub-bub broke out over a vacation. Thanksgiving vacation was the talk in every group. At last a vacation was given and all was quiet again until marks were given out. We suspect some tears were shed in secret, for some people had had a good time to the exclusion of studies. But they soon got over it and made new resolutions on New Year's Day. Then at last the Juniors awoke as the ground hog does. But

they stayed awake instead of sleeping for six weeks longer; they organized their class.

They chose Charles Lein president, Alice Flaten vice-president, Gladys Barke, secretary and treasurer, and Mr. Frederick, class counselor. Now at the end of their Junior year they are looking eagerly forward to Senior year and backward to a happy, carefree Junior one.



JUNIOR BULLETIN STAFF

Lein, Sjoquist, Russell, Thompson, Byler, Berrigan.

JUNIOR HUMOROUS SECTION

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

Bertha Robertson, "Where's Alice."
 Alice Johnson, "There goes my man."
 Lena Kapphahn, "Go away, I'm cross at you."
 Olive Patterson, "Well I think—"
 Agnes Aastad, "You know, you know."
 Elvira Nyland, "Oh well, well."
 Clayton Berrigan, "Wait a minute, Helga."
 Lillian Sjoquist, "And things like that."

WHO'S WHO.

Who's the guy with the look intent,
 That poses as Junior President.
 The job is easy so he's content.
 That's Charlie.

His pride is in his pompadour.
 Each day he strokes it more and more
 And envious glances pass galore.
 That's Clayton.

Here's to the girl with the auburn hair,
 Her eyes are brown, her skin is fair,
 She brings gladness everywhere.
 That's Ann.

In all her classes she's a shark,
 Sure to get the highest mark
 But always keeps it in the dark.
 That's Helga.

—L. F. S.

WOULDN'T WE LAUGH:

If the Juniors had more pep.
 If everyone was crazy about Library Science.

If Bertha remembered dates.
 If Clayton could recall what he learned in American History.

If Pearl was on time to have her picture taken.

If someone made a motion to adjourn in Junior class meeting.

If Lillian didn't get mad at the jokes on the Swedes and the Irish.

If Frances' guy didn't send her cut flowers.

If Charlie didn't call at Comstock Hall on Saturday evenings.

If Myrtle S. lost her cute smile.

If Myrtle O. wasn't knitting socks.

If they put this in the Bulletin.

Wanted: A little more life by the Juniors.

JOKES.

1st Student: "Have you heard that Vernon Castle is dead?"

2nd Student: "No, isn't that too bad? How did it happen?"

1st Student: "Oh! in an aeroplane."

Sympathetic listener: "Did he go to school here?"

Teacher: When did the revival of learning begin?

Student: The night before exams!

Three signs of spring:

1. The grass is green.
2. The birds have returned.
3. Boys appear on the Normal School Campus.

Mr. Langmack in teaching his classes how to "halt" more gracefully said, "When I say 'halt!' you bring the foot which is on the floor to the foot which is in the air and remain motionless."

If you want to know about the nice looking glass in McCracken's Studio ask Charlie. He knows.

Miss Waldie in assigning chapel seats said, "This girl may go to H-7 and you may go to L-2."

If it takes Charlie ten minutes to walk six blocks and it takes Monie twenty minutes to walk the same distance how long will it take them to walk it together?

Answer: Two hours.

Miss Welter: What is the difference between the hundred year's war and the thirty year's war?

Clayton: Seventy years.

Practice teacher: "What is the capital of France?"

Eager pupil: "Somewhere."





ORGANIZATIONS





Shields, Lillesve, Hedin, Loudon, Larson, Keeshan, Sherman, Swartz.

ANNUAL EDITION OF THE BULLETIN

Because of conditions arising from the war it was considered advisable to discontinue the publication of the regular annual of the school, the Praeceptor. Instead the Senior Class through the annual staff has endeavored to make this, the senior edition of the Bulletin fill the place which the Praeceptor held in the life of the school. While the staff is fully aware that this publication can not approach the high standard set by the Praeceptor, it earnestly hopes that in these pages your expectations may, in some measure, be fulfilled. If the Bulletin does this, it is well. If it is less brilliant than you anticipated—be charitable.

STAFF

General Chairman	Lottie Swartz
Business Managers	Harold Hedin, Lowell Sherman
Senior	Katharine Keeshan
Organizations	Marion Shields
Alumni	Grace Loudon
Humorous	Mabel Lillesve, Ella Larson



Frederick, Marshall, Loudon, Lillesve, Durboraw,
Benson, Thompson, Gage, Rusk,
McGrann, Ballard, Shields, Brainard.

THE BULLETIN

The Bulletin was founded last fall in response to a well-defined want for a publication to express the life of the school. The first year has been largely experimental and the editors are aware of many imperfections which may be remedied in the future. The magazine has been staunchly supported by practically the entire student body as well as by the faculty, and there is every reason to believe that the Bulletin of the future can be made a more and more adequate expression of the best in M. S. N. S.

STAFF

Editor-in-chief	James Ballard
Business Managers	Lorraine Cameron, Olive Patterson

DEPARTMENTS

Art	Edythe Rusk, Lenore McGrann
Alumni	Grace Loudon, Marion Shields
Humorous	Mabel Lillesve, Marion Marshall
School News	Harriet Brainard, Virginia Gage
Literary	Ethel Thompson, Cora Olson, Gladys Barke
Faculty	Esther Johnson
	Pres. Weld, Miss Edna Benson, Dr. Durboraw, Mr. Frederick

WAR-TIME ACTIVITIES

The Red Cross Society.

In the spring of 1917, the Red Cross Society of the normal school was organized to co-operate with the Moorhead chapter.

A membership campaign was held in the spring and fall. Over two hundred members were secured for the National Red Cross. Instruction in knitting was given and fifty sweaters and one hundred twenty-nine pairs of wristlets were turned in to the Moorhead Chapter. In December auxiliaries were organized.

Officers

President Flora Lewis
 Secretary Marion Marshall
 Treasurer Alice Bondy
 Membership Ruth Cronquist
 Publicity Ethel Thompson
 First Aid Merl Clacey
 Hospital Supplies Grace Louder
 Faculty Advisers: Miss Thornton, Miss Rainey, Miss Leonard, Miss Cofflan,
 Miss Lindbloom, Miss Metcalf.

The Surgical Dressing Class.

The Tuesday surgical dressing class was organized early in January and has, with one exception, met each school week since from four fifteen to five forty-five.

The attendance cards show an enrollment of fifty-seven students and eight faculty members, with an average attendance of forty, at present. Miss Lulu Wagner, an alumna of the school, is the supervisor in charge and since the class has grown to its present proportions she has been assisted in the gauze work by Mr. Ballard and Mrs. Geraldson and in the making of tampons by Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Moody.

The maximum output for any one meeting so far is five hundred compresses and sixty tampons.

Knitting Auxiliaries

The Allies

Faculty leaders Miss Metcalf, Miss Rainey
 Student leader Esther Aamoth
 Sweaters 43 Pairs Socks 13
 Pairs Wristlets 15 Helmets 2

The Bugle Call

Faculty leaders Miss Kelly, Miss Hanson
 Student leader Lottie Swartz
 Sweater 31 Pairs Socks 8
 Pairs Wristlets 28

Old Glory

Faculty leaders Miss Welter, Miss Sanders
 Student leader Vera Byler
 Sweaters 39 Pairs Socks 7
 Pairs wristlets 8

General Pershing

Faculty leaders Miss Conant, Miss Harrelson
 Student leader Marie Brisbane
 Sweaters 19 Pairs socks 3
 Pairs wristlets 22 Helmets 2

Betsy Ross

Faculty leaders Mrs. Geraldson, Miss Thornton
 Student leader Huldah Peterson
 Sweaters 35 Helmets 1
 Pairs wristlets 3

This auxiliary has devoted its last six meetings to cutting gauze for the surgical dressings class.

War Savings Societies

These organizations meet every two weeks for the purpose of encouraging the buying of Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps. At each meeting a program is held in which the members of the association take part.

"Eagles"

President Martha Kleppe
 Secretary Chas. Lein

"Sammies"

President Harriet Thompson
 Secretary Marion Marshall

THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE

Officers

President Stella Kenney
Vice-President Lois Ziekefoos
Secretary & Treasurer Gladys Barke

Faculty Committee

Miss Thornton Miss Coffland
Miss Metcalf

Work of the Women's League

First: Weekly meetings at chapel hour on Friday.

Second: Social Events.

April 20th. Get-together party for women students.

May 4th. Dancing party for members and their guests.

May 13th. Afternoon reception for resident girls and their parents.

Y. W. C. A.

President Marie Ross Treasurer Lillian Harker
Vice Pres. Harriet Brainard Adviser Miss Natalie Thornton
Secretary Eunice Adams

The aim of the Y. W. C. A. has been to raise the standard of the student in her social, moral, religious and physical life; and to establish a spirit of Christian fellowship among the students.

We have had regular meetings every Thursday evening in which we have talked over real problems of real life and have presented ideals of modern life.

The Bible study classes have had systematic Bible study trying to learn the secret of solving modern problems from the men and women of the Bible.

Our regular missionary pledge of \$60 was sent in, to help in the support of a Student Secretary in the Y. W. C. A. in China.

This year seventy-five girls attended the preparation work for leaders of eight week clubs. These club leaders go out into their communities and organize girls who will express themselves in practical ways such as planning social good times and volunteering in church and community work.

The social committee gave a "get-acquainted" party in the gymnasium and "cheer up" parties in the hall the first week of school. After the membership campaign a "Barnecide Banquet" was given. We also had our annual picnic breakfast at Oak Grove Park.

The social service committee has worked along the following lines: it has assisted the Resident Nurse in giving baths and physical examinations, it has done follow-up work and has kept health records, it has taught foreigners, visited and assisted the poor, and given \$30 to the Soldiers' Christmas boxes.



HOME ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

Officers

President Alice Flaten
Vice-President Josephine Fobes
Secretary Rose Kelly
Treasurer Mildred Hammergren
Chairman of Program Committee Mable Bennett
Chairman of Social Committee Florence Chilson
Chairman of News Committee Lottie Swartz

The Home Economics Association was organized in 1915. Its purpose is to discuss important home questions for which there is not sufficient time in the class work. Any student who is taking work or has taken work in this department is eligible to membership. A Christmas dinner, patriotic breakfast, and May picnic are among the chief social activities. A Home Economics scholarship is given each spring to the member of the club who stands highest in all departments of the school.



COUNTRY LIFE CLUB

Officers

President	Martha Klepp
Vice President	Victor Westlund
Secretary	Christine Hanso
Treasurer	Mabel Rude
Program Committee: Lena Kapphahn, Edith McKenzie, Helen Nash, Helmi Salo, Mabel Berg.	
Faculty Adviser	Mary A. Conar

The Country Life Club was organized in the fall of 1914 for the purpose of creating a wider interest in rural life and education of bringing future rural teachers in touch with leading educators and of providing social opportunities.

The membership and popularity of the club have steadily increased since its organization. At the present time there are over one hundred fifty members.

At the business meetings various phases of rural work have been presented by members of the faculty and other educators of the state. The social meetings of the club have done much to foster the spirit of good will and fellowship among the students.



Nordby, Ross, Frederick,
Bakke, Christenson, Brainard, Larson,
Goodrich, Keeshan, Shields, Marshall.

MARNE

With the beginning of the spring term, a club was organized in the school for the study of modern literature. The meetings are held weekly, and some very interesting subjects have been discussed:

The Imagists	Mr. Frederick
Modern English Poets	Nora Johnston, Carolyn Bakke, Olive Goodrich
War Poetry	Eugene Ryan, Peter Nordby, Marie Ross
The Influence of Music on Modern Poetry	Marion Marshall
Chinese and Japanese Poetry	Marion Shields
Criticism of Magazine Poetry	Carolyn Bakke, Mayme Christenson, Marie Ross
Russian Literature	Harriet Brainard
Dialect Poetry	Marion Marshall
Modern Satires and Criticism	Harriet Brainard and Katherine Keeshan
Criticism of Magazine Poetry	Katherine Keeshan, Ella Larson

MARIA SANFORD LITERARY SOCIETY

Purpose:

The purpose of this society is to cultivate the ability to speak and write, to promote debate and other literary exercises, and to study literary subjects with a view to stimulating a broad interest in them. This society was organized October 13, 1917.

Officers

President Emma Fedak
 Vice Pres. Agnes Nelson
 Secretary Mildred Hazelton
 Treasurer Alice Nelson
 Sergeant At Arms Mildred Anderson

Standing Committees

Program Committee

Chairman; Minnie Beving, Agnes Arfstrom

Membership Committee

Chairman; Cora Olson, Laila Teigen

Social Committee

Chairman; Alice Daigle, Marie Sanders

List of Members

Minnie Beving
 Alice Nelson
 Agnes Nelson
 Alice Daigle
 Rhoda Peterson
 Mella Swenson
 Hannah Anderson
 Emma Fedak
 Cora Olson
 Agnes Arfstrom
 Marie Sanders
 Laila Teigen
 Mildred Anderson

Faculty

Faculty Adviser Helen Welter
 Faculty Critic Natalie Thornton
 Parliamentarian Mr. Frederic

Alumni

Dorris Terry
 Florence McDowell
 Elsie Klessig
 Clarice Larsen
 Emma Hyland
 Amy Claypool
 Nona Claypool
 Rowenah Courtright



THE OWLS

Sherman, Iverson, Westlund, Martin, Ballard, Bjorkquist, Lein,
 Paxton, F. O., Sharpe, Hearl, Eck, Rosel.

THE WITCHES

Officers

Mother Witch Mrs. Hagen, Miss Welter
 President Marion K. Shields
 Secretary Lela L. Hoyt
 Treasurer Freda Norden

Faculty Members

Miss Welter	Miss Ryan
Miss Dredge	Miss Hopkins
Miss Metcalf	Miss Loudon
Miss Kelly	Miss Conant
Miss E. Benson	

Active Members

Marion K. Shields
 Lela L. Hoyt
 B. Gladys Barke
 Anna M. Gowan
 Helen A. Sharkey
 Gladys I. Quinn
 Irma E. Logan
 Harriet B. Evans
 Grace F. Forsythe
 Esther D. Aamodt
 Eileen G. Baker
 Carrie Mae Rusch
 Grace E. Loudon

Anna J. Gletne
 Alice Flaten
 Flora Lewis
 Dorothy Keene
 Florence Chilson
 Margaret Anderson
 Florence Craig
 Freda Norden
 Ruth Paulson
 Bertha Robertson
 Margaret Eklund
 Ruth Paulsrud



GAMMA NECHE SORORITY

DirectressMiss Helen Harrelson

Officers

PresidentEthel Thompson
 Vice-PresidentHarriet Brainard
 SecretaryMarion Marshall
 TreasurerElsie Young

Honorary Members

Miss Maud Hanson
 Miss Wilhelmina Meyer
 Miss Mabel Benson
 Miss Jernie Sanders

Miss Katherine Leonard
 Mrs. J. W. Eck
 Mrs. J. T. Frederick

Active Members

Tressa Maus
 Harriet Thompson
 Florence Quick
 Alice Bondy
 Katharine Keeshan
 Alice Daigle
 Olive Patterson
 Frances Irgens
 Ella Larson
 Monie Mallinger

Helga Bjorgen
 Ada Carpenter
 Lucile Cram
 Klara Fossen
 Ellen Rost
 Lois Zickefoose
 Helen Howe
 Harriet Hanson
 Helen Adams





THIRD YEAR CLASS ROLL

Anderson, Anna	Lindblad, Pearl
Dolen, Mabel	Mattson, Alma
Erickson, Alice	Monson, Hazel
Evanson, Olga	Nelson, Sylvia
Fobes, Josephine	Peterson, Clara
Fossay, Alice	Peterson, Delia
Harker, Lillian	Peterson, Edythe
Holbeck, Geline	Peterson, Rhoda
Jacobson, Bessie	Platt, Florence
Kolstad, Blanche	Swanson, Esther
Yoder, Myrtle	



SECOND YEAR CLASS ROLL

Anderson, Hannah	Langie, Gunhild
Anderson, Mildred	Lee, Lillian
Anderson, Theresa	Lee, Stella
Austad, Juri	Lindbloom, Minnie
Bauer, Martha	Mickleson, Melva
Bennett, Mabel	Nelson, Agnes N.
Beving, Minnie	Nelson, Alice E.
Boe, Annie	Nelson, Ella M.
Borgen, Johanna	Nelson, Lillian
Brainard, Julia	Nelson, Rachel
Breitenbauch, Mary	Olson, Ethel
Dahl, Mabel	Olson, Lillian
Dolen, Alice	Olson, Lydia
Drake, Ivy	Olson, Genelia
Edenstrom, Annie	Olson, Tillie
Eggum, Nora	Peterson, Isabel
Eklund, Ila	Probert, Elizabeth
Ellingsen, Ella	Probert, Grace
Forsberg, Elizabeth	Probert, Jennie
Fossay, Mabel	Prohosky, Inez
Hegland, Bessie	Rambol, Alma
Heifner, Alta	Robertson, Wallace
Johnson, Elda	Ryan, Alice
Jorgensen, Grace	Sanders, Marie
Jorgensen, Lillian	Thomson, Elsie
Koyonen, Mary	Underhahl, Melvin
Kyllo, Helen	Viste, Laura



FIRST YEAR CLASS ROLL

Aanenson Tilda
 Arfstrom, Agnes
 Blake, Frances
 Blom, Bella
 Brainard, Mary
 Brand, Mabel
 Bredeson, Nora
 Carlson, Agnes
 Christenson, Clara
 Christianson, Edna
 Christianson, Eleanor
 Christianson, Minnie
 Dibley, Nellie
 Dibley, Zana
 Efteland, Idella
 Ellingson, Olga
 Fedra, Emma
 Gleason, Madeline
 Goodheart, Caroline
 Gunderson, Minnie

Hagen, Martha
 Hanson, Adele
 Hanson, Christine
 Hanson, Dorothea
 Hawley, Bernice
 Hawley, Maude
 Heifner, M. Pearl
 Holland, Muriel
 Hungerford, Fay
 Iverson, Ralph
 Johnson, Evelyn
 Johnson, Josephine
 Johnson, Judith
 Johnson, Ruth
 Kastet, Olga
 Loff, Martha
 Lund, Ivy
 Merritt, Inez
 Milsten, Emma
 Morrow, Josephine
 Myers, Lavina

Norquist, Calla
 Olsen, Ruth
 Paulson, Louise
 Peterson, Edwin
 Peterson, Minnie
 Philipp, Irene
 Pierson, Gertrude
 Robinson, Mary
 Roen, Georgine
 Sandgren, Anna
 Sjoquist, Olive
 Skalet, Ella
 Smith, Richard
 Solom, Ruth
 Stensgaard, Ruth
 Stienkopf, Gertrude
 Tangen, Esther
 Thortvedt, Florence
 Tritschler, Teresa
 Tysseland, Alma
 Tysseland, Selma



MOORHEAD NORMAL HONOR ROLL

Bjorkquist, Paul
 Bruning, George
 Carlander, Robert
 Curran, William
 Eklund, Rudolph
 Engh, Clarence
 Fredrickson, Fred
 Gates, Dewey
 Gates, Donald
 Goode, Delmer
 Haberle, Jacob
 Hanson, Roswell
 Hearl, Melvin
 Johanson, Webster
 Johnson, Adolph
 Johnson, Arthur W.
 Johnson, Edwin
 Johnson, Perry
 Lommen, Thorston
 Olson, Verner
 Pollock, Hal
 Reed, Charles
 Rosel, Wallace
 Rufer, Cyrus

Russell, Winifred
 Rusness, Wallace
 Schrader, John
 Seaver, Douglas
 Sharp, Emmet
 Sonquist, Albert
 Sonquist, David
 Stafne, Edward
 Stalley, Francis
 Stalley, Harold
 Storms, Arthur
 Strand, Benjamin
 Strand, Melvin
 Lucas, Vernon
 Messer, Clarence
 Monson, Phillip
 Nemzek, Alex
 Nye, Gordon
 Thompson, B. Marion
 Tweeton, John
 Weum, Rudolph
 Weld, Frank
 Wood, Orville
 Wright, Edgar



PRIZE CONTESTS

In connection with the Annual Edition of the Bulletin, two contests were held in the school with the purpose of arousing interest in the literary section. A prize of five dollars in gold was offered by President Weld for the best short story to be entered and additional prizes of three dollars (second) and two dollars (third) were contributed by the judges in this contest—Miss Thornton, Miss Kelly, and Dr. Durboraw.

There were eleven entries in the short story contest, and the judges felt that the level of achievement was high. The following awards were announced at chapel May sixth:

First place and five dollar prize—Ella S. Larson, '18, for story entitled "Mithy Ann."

Second place and three dollar prize—Mayme Christenson, '19, for story entitled "Back to the Farm."

Third place and two dollar prize—Peter Nordby, '18, for story entitled "A Fair Jesuit."

Fourth place and honorable mention—Iduna Bertel, '18, for story entitled "That Deckerman Girl."

The poetry contest, for a book of poems offered by Mr. Frederick had six entries. The judges, Miss Leonard, Miss Welter, and Mr. Martin, unanimously made the following awards:

First place and prize—Peter Nordby, for poem "Over the Top."

Second place and honorable mention—Ella Sexton, '18, for poem, "The M. N. S. Service Flag."

The first prize story and poem are published in this issue. The other prize winning stories will be published in subsequent issues of The Bulletin.

"MITHY ANN"

By Ella S. Larson
FIRST PRIZE STORY

Ann Carruthers walked heavily down the steep, bare stairway and opened the door into the kitchen. An observant person could have read a great deal in that heavy step, but there was no one who took the trouble to notice her at all, much less the manner in which she descended the stairs. A wave of strifling heat, permeated by the odor of burning potatoes and frying bacon, sickened her. She stood a moment unnoticed, then the woman, bending over the stove in the corner, turned. She was a small woman dressed in a faded, gray calico dress, which hung loosely on her thin body.

"Yuh jest set down, teacher," she said in a colorless voice. "I'll have breakfast on the table in a minute. Seems like I can't hurry this mornin.' I'm jest all tuckered out. 'Pears like the stove won't draw, nuther. Floyd, I wisht you'd see about gittin' some kindlin', I can't git thet coal to burn without; it's jest so plumb ornery. An' Floyd, I wisht yuh'd git some water. Seems like yuh might git it without me tellin' yuh every five minutes."

The tall, lanky man, bending over the sink in the corner opposite the stove and near the door, made no response. His big, hard hands described rapid circles across his face, around the red, seamed neck, and then made quick, strange motions around, over and into his ears. Ann watched him in curious fascination. He jerked the rough crash towel from its roller on the door and rubbed his face and hands vigorously. He made several quick passes through his tawny, bushy hair with his hands; then he picked up the tin basin and opened the door. The slush of the water against the boards mingled with the indignant squawk of the chickens feeding about the doorstep. He closed the door and stood with his back against it, as he regarded his wife as she worked over the stove.

Ann walked from the doorway to the window and stood looking across the bleak prairie. That stretch of grayish white, broken by the darker strip of the road and the white patch in the distance, which was the school house, meant nothing to her except that the roads were horribly muddy; and that meant that the mail-carrier could not get through from Seneca, ten miles away. Life summed itself up in ugly details; no mail, muddy roads, muddy school room, muddy, noisy children and burned potatoes.

The monotonous voice of Mrs. Mather broke in again: "Seems like I jest couldn't sleep last night. Jest tossed an' tossed. Aunt Lou was like thet jest before she took sick an' died. Couldn't sleep a wink. 'Pears like family's been 'flicted with this here lack of sleepin.' An' I've hed such pains in my side. Mebbe, when the roads gits dry, we could git to Redfield so's I could see a doctor."

The word "doctor" caught Ann's attention, and she wheeled abruptly. "You might take Lucy down, too," she remarked.

It was interesting to note the change of expression on the faces of the man and woman at the mention of the name "Lucy." A petulant, "no-one-thinks-of-me" expression crossed the weak face of the woman and she muttered some unintelligible remark as she cast a furtive glance at her husband. The man raised his head and his piercing gray eyes studied the girl's face as if trying to read more into the remark than appeared on the surface.

Ann's frank blue eyes met his in a fearless gaze and she spoke again in an appealing voice: "Don't you think a good doctor could help Lucy, Mr. Mather? I'm sure that even though he could not restore her sight, he could cure her back. Just think how much happier she would be if she could walk."

Mr. Mather made no answer, but an expression of sullen, dogged misery settled over his stern face. Lucy was their only child,

a girl of eight years of age, but who seemed more like three or four. When she was only a few months old, Floyd Mather, in a fit of drunkenness, had tipped the high, old fashioned cradle, and the child had never recovered from that fall. He had suffered agonies of remorse and his whole nature had changed. From a cheerful, happy-go-lucky "good fellow" he became a morose, taciturn and stern man feared by his family, and, almost, by his neighbors.

As the child grew older, the sight of her, creeping across the floor (she never learned to walk), the vacant, sightless eyes turned upwards, the sweet baby mouth drawn in pain, was unbearable to him. He would stalk out of the house and, standing under the dark night sky, would lift his arms in impotent rage at the Fate that had made him worse than a murderer. His violent, unreasoning rages lost him his friends, and in time, such is the structure of our human nature, he grew almost to hate the child and the sight of her was repulsive to him. The sensitive child instinctively learned to avoid her father, to be silent when she heard his step; and the sound of his voice, raised in anger, made her tremble with fear. The attitude of his child increased the man's irritation and killed his better instincts toward her.

If Tillie Mather had been the right sort of wife, conditions might have been different. She was a pretty, insipid, pleasure-loving creature when Floyd Mather married her and matrimony had proved a bitter disappointment to her. She had entertained the vague idea that married life was an unbroken time of leisure with pleasant adventures to break the possible monotony. Her greatest delight before her marriage (and even yet), was to settle down in a kimono to enjoy the romantic adventures of "Eloise" in her ascent from "Shopgirl to Countess." Her disembodiment from the material world would have done credit to the most exacting spiritualist. An unswept floor, dirty dishes, unmade beds, everything was forgotten. And when the baby came, an unpleasant interruption in Tillie's opinion, she was usually relegated to the class of forgotten material objects, as Tillie lived the love affairs of her numerous heroines. The only feeling she seemed to have for Lucy was a sort of shame mingled with a vague resentment against Fate and her husband, for making her child a blind cripple.

She had disliked Ann and had resented her every action from the day she had come to teach the little school a mile away. She could not have given any reason for this; but underlying it was the knowledge that her husband respected the opinion of this slip of a girl who could be so tender with little Lucy, and who could demand a teacher's rights so firmly from the narrow-minded members of the school board. As for Floyd, he did not realize, himself, how much he valued the good will of Ann. He did not think that she knew of his part in Lucy's misfortune, but he did know that she resented fiercely his attitude toward his child. As a matter of fact, one of the gossips of the community had made it her duty to inform Ann of all the grue-

some details, with embellishments of her own. Ann pitied and despised Floyd; pitied him because his capacity for suffering was so great, despised him because he had allowed his temper to overcome his better nature.

Little Lucy appealed to the protective mother love in the girl's heart and she soon became the child's haven of refuge. Lucy could time to a nicety the hour when "Mithy Ann" was due from school and she would sit near the door, her face lighting up at every sound and becoming radiant when she recognized the step of Ann. Tillie resented the child's love for the girl in a "dog-in-the-mangerish" way but it was a revelation to Floyd. He saw the child in a new light and he began to wish that she would not shrink so from him. Ann's clear eyes seemed to search his soul for the reason for Lucy's action. She had spoken to him once before of having a doctor for Lucy and the answering outburst of temper had frightened her.

As she made her second appeal, she waited anxiously for his answer. Floyd walked heavily to the small table near the window, pulled his chair raspingly across the rough floor, and seating himself motioned to Tillie to bring the food. The man and girl ate in silence but Tillie's incessant chatter went on. "Yuh worry too much about Lucy, teacher." The monotonous drawl grated more than ever on Ann's nerves. "Lucy ain't sick. Course she ain't so lucky as some kids, but she has plenty to eat and that's more than many has. But this here pain in my side and my turrible sick headaches worries me somethin' dretful, Mis' Morris says as how her aunt suffered so from insomony that she plumb lost her mind. Health is very precious, my dear father used to say, 'Daughter, guard yer health. Who squanders health, squanders wealth.' Them's his very——"

"Hell, woman, for God's sake, shut up!" Floyd pushed away his plate and getting up, strode out of the house, slamming the door behind him.

Tillie began to whimper, wiping her eyes on the corner of her dirty checked apron. Ann got up from the table with a shiver of disgust. As she started up the stairs, Mrs. Mather called: "Oh, they's a couple of letters for yuh on the clockshelf, teacher. Si Morris brung them from Senecy last night. Said as how he thought the carrier could git through today, but he reckoned a day might make a sight of difference to yuh."

"Oh, how kind of him," said Ann. "Thank you."

She hurried upstairs to her room, examining the letters as she went. One was from Alma, good old Al—that would cheer her up, if anything could. She opened it eagerly.

"You dear Ann—"

This town just can't exist without you. I'm just lost without you here to talk things over with. But, thank heavens, only a few weeks and you'll be here. Next year, you must secure a place nearer home. You have the necessary training so why should you tie yourself to a little country school?

Everything is very quiet here. We gave a dancing party for Jim the night before he left for New York. I suppose you've heard all

about that from Jim himself. I'm glad he is going to have his chance at last. He is going to study under Dr. Ringdon, the wonderful eye specialist. He plans to come back here to practice. I'll have to call you Mrs. Doc, then, won't I?

Elaine St. John nearly broke her neck making love to him before he left. Jim is so totally oblivious that he didn't know what was going on. People did talk a little, so I thought I would tell you before some one else told you Elaine's version. She will be announcing her engagement next, without letting poor Jim know he is engaged to her. Oh, I know I'm catty, but she does make me so mad."

The letter rambled on, giving all the news of the little home town which had formerly made up Ann's world. She opened the official looking envelope of the second letter and gasped in astonishment, she glanced hastily through its contents. It was the offer of a position in a school for the next year in Hamden, a prominent city only a few miles from her home town. The work was exactly what she wanted and the salary much higher than her present one. Ann was lost in thought. All at once, she glanced at her watch and started up in dismay. She crammed the letters hastily into the drawer of the small table and hurried down stairs and through the house.

She hardly noticed the mud that pulled at her rubbers, and the vast expanse of the prairie seemed peopled only by her visions. The appearance of the little frame school house brought her back to earth. But the day passed as in a vague dream. She hardly noticed the muddy floor; the dingy walls, and the stolid faces of the children. Unconsciously she compared this room with the room conjured up by the magic letter. Impatient restlessness permeated her being; her thought jumped about in hodge-podge fashion. A sort of resentment against Jim formed itself, too. Jim was her property. He had been since the day they started school and he carried her books. Pictures from the fleeting years flashed through her memory: Jim, skating toward her across the ice, his slim body moving in perfect rhythm, arms swinging, brown eyes gleaming as his face reflected the keen enjoyment of the movement; Jim, his thin face eager as he made emphatic gestures in school debates; Jim, on the gridiron; and the Jim she loved best—Jim the comforter and healer. She could see him as he consoled little Ted, the long arms protective now, the brown eyes tender. She wondered why Jim did not write. It hurt, for Jim had always seemed so different. But, as Alma had said, Jim was so absent-minded.

A wave of homesickness came over her, but she fought it off with thoughts of the future. Next year, all would be different. Although her present school was successful, it seemed as if the larger school would be more worth while. Plans rushed through her mind as she walked home that night. As she entered her room, she noticed a sheet of paper on the floor. Picking it up she saw that it was the letter she had received just that morning. She had learned long ago that Tillie Mather's nature craved knowledge of other people's affairs, so was not surprised, but the growing feeling of disgust was strengthened.

As Ann came down and entered the room which served as sitting-room and bed-room, Mrs. Mather looked up from her magazine.

"Did yuh read this here 'Secret Marriage,' teacher? It certainly is grand. My——"

"Mithy Ann" came a wistful cry from the couch. "Mithy Anne"

Ann crossed the room swiftly, and gathering the little girl in her arms, seated herself in the large rocker. The little hands groped toward Ann's face and patted it in little roving caresses, then taking one of Ann's hands in her own, Lucy held it against her face. Suddenly she hid her head against Ann's breast and burst into tears. "Why Lucy dear, what is the matter?" asked Ann.

No answer. The sobs became more violent.

"Tell Ann what it is," she entreated.

"Mithy Ann," came convulsively. "Mam theth—Mam theth— at youth agoin'—Mithy Ann, a' you goin'?—A' you goin'?"

The dark hair fell back from her thin little face as she raised her pitiful eyes to Ann. The girl shot a look of hatred and disgust at the woman opposite her. Tillie looked up, opened her mouth, and closed it again. An ugly flush crept up to the roots of her scraggly, unkempt hair.

"Mithy Ann," sobbed the now nearly hysterical child, "Mithy Ann, a' you goin' to leave me?"

A confusion of thoughts passed through Ann's mind as her blurred eyes looked across the rolling prairie. As she gazed, a sense of peace came over her and the little grasping hands were caught tightly in hers as she clasped the child closely to her.

"Of course not," she said with a break in her voice. "We need each other, you and I, Lucy."

Presently Lucy fell asleep, and the little sobs that broke her breathing even in sleep, caused a tightness in Ann's throat. Thus she sat when Floyd entered and handed her a letter. Jim's writing! Ann's heart leaped. The color rose in her cheeks as she read.

"My dear Ann—

I suppose you know that I am in New York. I hated to leave the old town but didn't mind it so much since you were not there. It isn't the same place without you, dear.

I have seen some terrible things since I came but I have also seen some wonderful cures brought about by the unselfish work and devotion of these men who have given their lives to humanity. We operated on a little chap today who has been blind and crippled for years from an injury to his spine. Similar cases have been cured and we have high hopes for little Bob. Some day, I want a chance to do something for your little Lucy. But, even if I do, I can never do as much as you are doing. I may bring health to her but you are building a soul.

And, dear girl, hers is not the only soul you have helped to build. Do you remember—"

Ann looked over little Lucy's head across the distant fields.

OVER THE TOP

By Peter Nordby
FIRST PRIZE POEM

Eons ago when the earth was young,
And a new star-gem in the firmament hung,
A call came forth to the primitive cell,
As it cradled lay on the foamy swell,
Lulled by the ocean strong and deep,—
“Awake, arise from your infant sleep!
Awake, there is work for you to do
The long and silent ages thru,
Till the darkened stars into silence drop;
And this is your watchword, ‘over the top’.”
—Up the long mysterious ages,
Up thru many steps and stages,
Forms arose from the ocean tide,
Breathed and struggled; mated and died.
Fins and wings, then feet for the sod.
Fashioning weapons, kindling fire,
Sealing the hillside, higher and higher,
Dust climbed forth, itself to scan.
Sunkissed and tall at last stood man,
And began the search for himself and God.

Man’s story was ever a story of strife,
The forger of shackles against freedom and life.
Tyranny’s footprints in blood we see
From Picardy back to Thermopylae.
Wherefor this struggle? What is man’s goal?
—That earthborn clay climb up to a soul?
That this soul dwell on celestial spheres
And ply a harp thru the endless years?
No. Heaven for the angel; the hillside for man.
Man’s work in the great eternal plan
Lies upward and over the tyrants’ graves
Past the rusting chains from unshackled slaves,
To succor humanity as she stands
With arms uplifted bereft of hands;
Thru broken bars of oppression and wrong
To the land of beauty, of childhood and song.

And shall we hide in our sordid trench
Secure and safe from the gore and stench?
Shall we count our lucre and book our gain,
And thank the Lord that we be not slain?
Forbid that we tarry. Oh, God that we
Be found in the front for humanity.

The march of progress must ever be
The upward march of democracy.
What with book or with gun we fall on the way,
And a lone shaft mark where our bones decay—
Democracy’s hosts will still respond
To the beckoning call towards heights beyond.
Man’s goal—that over the golden domes
And sunlit spires of rebuilt homes
Of a happier race united and free
May wave the new flag of Humanity.
—That is man’s goal. We never shall stop.
And our watchword forever is, “over the top”.

JOKES *and* ADS



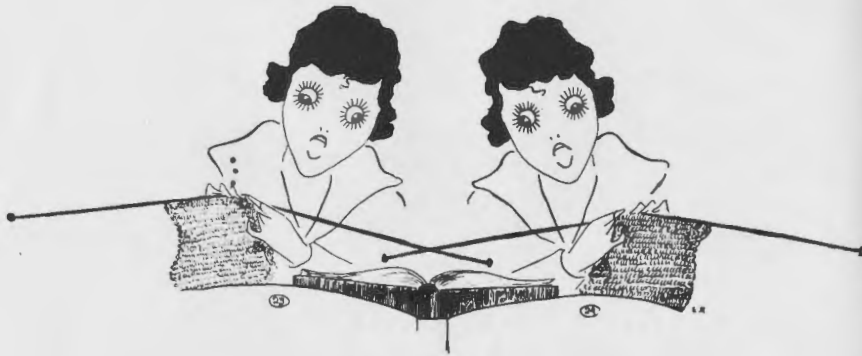
E. Evanson.

SENIOR DICTIONARY

ADAMS, HELEN: True blue clear through.
 ADAMS, MAUDE: The longest way round is the sweetest way home.
 ANDERSON, MARGARET: I cannot understand, I love.
 BAKER, EILEEN: "Kitten."
 BAKKE, CAROLYN: She has many nameless virtues.
 BALFOUR, JOYCE: Go ahead, see if I care.
 BALLARD, CASWELL: A master of the art of dressing.
 BALLARD, JAMES: What a man!
 BEAUDIN, ODINA: The Wheeler Hall Muffler.
 BERGESON, PEARL: Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
 BERTEL, IDUNA: Small in stature—great in thoughts.
 BJORNSON, INEZ: For one of us was born a twin, and not a soul knew which
 BLAKE, GLADYS: As innocent as a new born lamb.
 BONDY, ALICE: Long, lean and likeable.
 BORNMAN, SULA: When the roll is called up yonder, she'll be late.
 BOTHNE, RUTH: Enjoy life e'er it's fled; when you die you're a long time dead.
 BRAINARD, HARRIET: She come from Devils Lake, But what's in a name.
 BRODINE, ANNA: I believe I'm waking up.
 BROKER, IRMA: A case of quality—not quantity.
 BROTHEN, ROSY: Not afraid of work.
 BULLETIN, the: ! ! ! ? ? ?
 CAMERON, LORAIN: What I say goes.
 CHILSON, FLORENCE: A friend of the mighty.
 CHISHOLM, LULU: Write me down as a student.
 CIVICS: - A modern inquisition.
 CLASEY, MERL: Under my giddy manners I am serious and thoughtful.
 CONANT, MARY: How we shall miss her!!!
 CRAIG, FLORENCE: Though it's work, work and worry there's always time for love.
 CRAM, LUCILE: She came after knowledge but found more.
 CRONQUIST, RUTH: Her looks are deceiving.
 DAHL, MILLIE H.: To see her is to love her.
 DEANS, BELLE M.: Normal School Censor. (I must see all your correspondence.)
 DREDGE, BELLE: A kindly soul.
 ECK, JOHN W.: Why that stargaze?
 ENGAGEMENTS, FACULTY: "What fools these mortal be!"
 ERDAHL, MARIE: With a heart for fate.
 ERICKSON, HELEN: She was good as she was fair.
 ERICKSON, MABEL: J. Harold's only rival.
 FITZSIMMONS, ALTA: Fitz.
 FLUNK SLIPS: Black-hand letters.
 FOSSEN, KLARA: Winsome in both smile and manner.
 FREDERICK, JOHN T.: Dignity is a disguise but—a man's a man for a' that.
 GAGE, VIRGINIA: Our arms, your defense, your arms our recompense.
 GANNON, KATHLEEN: Few of us have courage to appear as good as we really are.
 GOODRICH, OLIVE: A kindly maiden with a heart sincere and gentle.
 GROVER, EVELYN: I would that I could utter the thoughts that arise in me.
 GUS: A pillar of the school.
 HAGER, CLARE: She is quiet but awfully deep.
 HALL POLICE: Watch your step!
 HANDEYSIDE, ANNA J.: Where shall we get the cash to face her once a month.
 HAYES, MAUDE: A combination of pep and dignity.
 HEDIN, HAROLD: But what is woman? Only one of nature's agreeable blunders.

HOLSTEN, MINNIE: Good hearts are the gardens, good marks are the fruits.
 HOLSTEN, NANNIE: She has no faults that we could find.
 HOPKINS, BESSIE: A stitch in time saves nine.
 HOWE, HELEN: If brevity is the soul of wit, Then Helen sure is witty.
 HOYT, LELA: Oh! say kid!
 HUFF: Huff—but not huffy.
 INSTRUCTION IN USE OF THE LIBRARY: NOT Library Science—Dart.
 IRGENS, FRANCES: Full well does she recite, and full well study—not.
 JAHREN, SWANHILD: Never be thy shadow less, never fail thy cheerfulness.
 JUNIORS: They don't know what they're coming to.
 JOHNSON, ANNA: Her dignity impresses—herself.
 JOHNSON, ESTHER: Make a note of it.
 KEESHAN, KATE: Her brain was a wonder.
 KELLAS, SADIE: When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to bluff—why—let's bluff.
 KELLY, MARGARET: Our authority on dancing.
 KENNEY, STELLA: I hurry not, neither do I worry.
 KLEPPE, MARTHA: We were glad to call her friend.
 KRAUS, TILLIE: A true model of peace and content.
 KUETER, OLGA: But I don't understand.
 LANGMACK, LIEUT. H.: Ex-cabaret dancer from Copenhagen.
 LARSON, ELLA: We wouldn't say!
 LEE, TOMENA: She's quiet around school, but really you don't know her.
 LEONARD, KATHERINE: If $X \times Y = Z$, when will the war end?
 LILLESVE, MABEL, Oh! this learning what a thing it is.
 LINDGREN, CEDI: See Waldie.
 LINDSTRAND, ADELIN: After man came woman, and she has been after him ever since.
 LITERATURE AND THEMES: Where genius burns.
 LOUDON, GRACE: She has common sense in a way that's uncommon.
 LUND, EVELYN: She was coy indeed.
 MARSHALL, MARION: Tall—but is it divinely?
 MARTINSON, ESTHER: Calm, deliberate, and unobtrusive.
 MAUS, TRESSA: Here genius burns; let her flicker!
 McGRANN, LENORE: A voice spake up and said—nothing.
 McLAUGHLIN, AURELIA: A windy lass.
 McLAUGHLIN, LUCILE: Britannica, up-to-date.
 METCALF, MARTHA L.: "Civilized man cannot live with cooks."—(as revised by M. L. M.)
 MITCHELL, HARLEY E.: Call me in the morning.
 MOLDENHOWER, ETTA: Genius is the capacity for avoiding hard work.
 MONK, WALTER: Unseemly 'tis for him to bandy words with women.
 MUELLER'S: The matrimonial bureau.
 NELSON, ESTHER: A quite tongue bespeaks a gentle mind.
 NEWMAN, ALICE: Sweet Alice.
 NORDBY, PETER: Meditation work wonders.
 NORDEN, FRED: Much might be said on both sides.
 OLGA: A light is still burning in the window for girls who come in late.
 OLSON, AGNES: To be it or not to be.
 OLSON, MYRTLE: If off her dignity she should be, the end of the world you'd expect to see.
 PAXTON, RALPH: Look out kids, I'm likely to wake up.
 PEDERSON, LILLIAN: Sweetly modest and demure.
 PENDER, EDNA: Skinny!
 PETERSON, HULDA: The good die young—be careful.
 QUICK, FLORENCE: Like a gleam of sunshine on a gloomy day.
 QUINN, GLADYS: Oh, my! there shall be no talking in Heaven.

RAY, BESSIE: Life and I are serious matters.
 ROSS, MARIE: A student and a smile are a good combination.
 RUSK, EDITH: Pinky.
 RYAN, EUNICE: Foods for the gods she does concoct.
 SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION: Mental relaxation.
 SENIOR PARTY: Peanuts and apples—nuffed.
 SETHNE, ALICE: Sometimes I sit and think and sometimes I just sit.
 SEXTON, ELLA: Leave your candles in my room.
 SHARKEY, HELEN: "The smile that wont wear off."
 SHEAFF, MARY: As "Mary" as the day is long.
 SHERMAN, LOWELL: Look out, girls, don't muss my hair.
 SHIELDS, MARION: She is witty, she is pretty, and she's pleasant to walk with too.
 SOCIOLOGY: A safe refuge for educational problems.
 STEGER, WANDA: The only really indispensable member of the faculty.
 SWARTZ, LOTTIE: I know what I know.
 TEACHING: Joykiller.
 THOMPSON, HARRIET: I know it is a sin For me to sit and grin But I hate to be serious.
 THOMPSON, ETHEL: Wha-a-a-a!
 TYRER, FLORENCE. (Bub): She comes and goes and here she is again.
 WALDIE, RUBY: Lindgren, Cedi,=Mutt and Jeff!
 WARNER, ETHEL: When I have nothing to do I go and do it.
 WATERSTRAT, EMMA: Here she comes with one broad substantial smile.
 WATNE, JUEL: Talking, she knew not what nor why.
 WELTER, HELEN: Our authority on the movies.
 WESTLUND, VICTOR: On their own merits, modest men are dumb.
 WOOD, ALLEN F.: Well—
 YOUATT, HELEN: What I don't know won't hurt me.
 YOUNG, ELSIE: She understands the magic of silence.
 ZICKEFOOSE, LOIS: "Leave it to me."



CHORUS
 WHO SAID WE COULDN'T?

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FAMOUS EXPRESSIONS:

MISS HAYES—Do you catch the idea? Do you get it?
 MR. LANGMACK—Chest up! Head back! Chin in!
 MISS KELLY—Towards your tie.
 MISS DAHL—Girls you are late.
 MR. MITCHELL—You will find it in the year book.
 MISS CONANT—Don't be a suitcase teacher.
 MISS LEONARD—You need common sense to work arithmetic.
 RUTH CRONQUIST—Did I get a telephone call? Have you got your class dues?
 SADIE KELLAS—Oh, I forgot.
 KATHARINE KEESHAN—She's sick as a pup.
 FLORENCE QUICK—Are you dressed for dancing tonight?
 MABEL LILLESVE—I've got so much work to do. I've got to write a plan.
 EDYTHE RUSK—
 VIRGINIA GAGE— { Haven't we got fun?
 LILLIAN PEDERSON—Ruth and Esther.
 OLIVE GOODRICH—Does oo luv me?
 STELLA KENNEY—It wouldn't do to tell.
 LUCILE CRAM—Ada Carpenter! Where are you?
 MR. POWERS— I don't want to be cross.
 MISS DART—You'll have to be more quiet.
 MISS SANDERS—We hired our cook yesterday.
 MISS DEANS—Have you heard anything?

V. W.: There is something about you "Laugh at your friends," and if that is terribly attractive.
 L. C. Oh, now, what is it? your friends are sore, so much the better, you may laugh the more.
 V. W. Me.

AT THE COURT OF M. N. S.

What is Your Name?	What is Your Business?	Are You Good Looking?	Verdict.
Carolyn Bakke	Matching pennies.	Heavens: Yes.	Go to school where there are no boys.
Florence Craig	Dancing, I guess	No, but my brothers are.	Give up that "frat" pin.
Loraine Cameron	Talking.	Well, I guess so.	Shut up.
Marion Shields	I have none. I am a very lazy girl.	I am very homely, sandy hair and pale face.	Go to the head of the class.
Frances Irgens	Tickling 'em.	Say! Where do you get that stuff?	A little more pep.
Olga Kueter	Making love (?)	I consider myself so.	Six months in a dark room.
Tressa Maus	Imitating others.	Kind of—maybe.	Released.
Freda Norden	Giggling and movies.	Tee-hee.	Cut the movies.
Florence Quick	Looking nice.	Cruel! Cruel!	Six months without a mirror.
Harriet Thompson	Eating	I have a nice kind face.	Buy a mask and use it.
Lottie Swartz	Honeying the Profs.	They think so.	Quit school.
Olive Goodrich	My knitting bag.	Nobody knows.	Knit, then quit.
Matilda Kraus	Studying.	We haven't decided yet.	Exported to "Land of No Books".
Esther Martenson	Giving reports.	I'm bashful.	Another report.
Helen Youatt	A brethren.	How can I be.	Hallock.
Aurelia McLaughlin	Getting A's.	Of course.	Earn 'em.
Alice Newman	Looking for my voice.	I'm going to tell mama.	Grow up.
Virgina Gage	Composer.	Don't embarrass me.	Eat California oranges.

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What is Your Name?	What is Your Business?	Are You Good Looking?	Verdict
Tippy Thompson	Keeping peace.	Harry knows.	Ex-port her.
Lulu Chisholm	Lending a hand.	I'll never tell.	Get away from that teaching Department. Lose that smile.
Helen Howe	Chuck full of pep.	What's the use?	One more dance.
Lowell Sherman	Dancing.	Naturally.	Ten hours of leisure.
Martha Kleppe	A member of the "cause".	I'm too busy.	En-slave someone.
Rosy Brothen	"A slave".	Don't ask me.	Ostracized.
Bessie Ray	Giving her own opinion.	Why speak of trivial matters?	Don't be so crabby.
Ruth Bothrie	Coaching in reading.	Oh maybe.	Don't tell anybody.
Harriet Brainard	Being disappointed.	Um hum.	Be careful.
Merl Clasey	Assistant stage manager.	Oh no!	Please agree.
Clare Hager	Starting an argument.	Ask him.	A car line all her own.
Ella Larson	Catching that car.	How could you?	Don't be always changing costumes. Be bad.
Adeline Lindstrand	Suiting myself.	I want to be.	Put a chain on her feet.
Myrtle Olson	Being good.	I don't know.	Study.
Lillian Pederson	Kicking the foot-lights.	Yes.	Give up that "boodle box".
Mary Sheaff	Fussing.	Oh my yes.	Please be quiet.
Edythe Rusk	Primping.	Ditto	Solitary confinement.
Mabel Erickson	Cutting up.	Very clever looking.	Act nutty.
Emma Waterstrat	Raising "Ned."	Yes.	Get serious.
Florence Chilson	Writing letters.	Foolishness!!	Smile.
Helen Sharkey	Smiling.	Ask Jim.	
Pearl Bergeson	Learning the business.	Honest I am sir.	

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- WANTED—A bench near the Bulletin board. Sharkey and Jimmy.
WANTED—Someone to keep my cash on Saturday nights. Harold Hedin.
WANTED—A good laugh. Merl Clasey.
WANTED—Someone to stand at the text-book library door next year. Cedi Lindgren.
WANTED—Something to make the time go faster. Dr. Durboraw.
WANTED—Some statistics. Mr. Mitchell.



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Joyce Balfour
Lela Hoyt
Sula Bornman
Iduna Bertel

DISEASE

Swelled cranium
Moodishness
Chewing gum
Tardiness
Friendliness
Whispering
Life saver shark
Gymnastic pride
Talking in her sleep
Grouchiness
Doubtfulness
Giggling
Stubbornness

HOW CONTRACTED

Born with it
He went to war
Hunger
Desire to sleep late
Rooming next to Florence
Nothing else to do
Living near McDonald's
Langmack's compliments
Bearing the burden of the conversation
Inability to make others do her work
"He is so indefinite"
Laughing at her own jokes
Chronic

CURE

Seeing self as others see
A few more letters
Lockjaw
An alarm clock
A year teaching
Remaining after school
Smaller allowance
Manual labor
Solitary confinement
Do something yourself
Get him
The Lord knows
Obstinate husband

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Where Tressa Maus got her temper?
 How Helen Sharkey learned Norwegian?
 When Ruth Cronquist will marry?
 How Marion Shields gains in weight?
 Why Kate Keeshan gets "a's"?
 What you learn in School Administration?
 Why Mabel Lillesve studied Civics?
 Why Hedin loves the ladies?
 Why Victor Westlund has a good understanding?
 How long Anna Johnson will stay at the Normal?
 Where Harriet Thompson learned to play so well?
 Why James Ballard never grows up?
 When Alice Bondy will stop laughing?
 Where Gladys Quinn got her Ford?
 How Ella Sexton got wet? (She can't.)
 How Mitchell spent his time in New York?

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Heard in Secretary's report in the country:—

Mr. Powers was out and sang thirteen songs. There was also one musical number on the program.

Pinkee (coming into Penmanship and finding teacher absent) Where's the teacher?

Answer: Teacher is ill.

Pinkee (much concerned): Dear me! I hope it's nothing trivial.

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JAMES BALLARD—An undertaker
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 L. CAMERON—Living in the country leading the simple life
 G. LOUDON—Out west
 M. ANDERSON—Irish washwoman
 E. YOUNG—Matron of Old Soldiers' Home
 T. MAUS—Ticket seller at Orpheum
 G. QUINN—With Gypsy caravan
 H. SHARKEY: Fat lady in Sels-Floto Circus
 M. MARSHALL—Bought Nick's Taxi Line
 M. SHIELDS—Cabaret singer in Chicago
 H. THOMPSON—Tight rope walker
 F. CRAIG—Motorman for Normal Cradle
 V. WESTLUND—Dancing teacher
 P. NORDBY—Second Solomon
 PINKIE—Still alone
 F. QUICK—Snake charmer
 SULA—Salvation Army
 M. SHEAFF—In the city
 BUB TYRER—Dean of women
 S. KELIAS—A prof's wife
 TIPPY T.—Studying for the ministry
 M. KLEPPE—Grand opera singer
 L. SHERMAN—Duke of No More
 ELLA LARSON— } Still at \$60 per
 LOIS ZICKEFOOSE— }
 H. HOWE: Tall and solemn.
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Izella Dart lost her keys?
 Flo Quick made her 8 o'clock class twice in succession?
 Lela Hoyt dropped the pancakes she made in Food Conservation?
 Paxton hurried?
 V. Westlund didn't hold down so much space in the halls?
 Mr. Martin kept his dates?
 Miss Harrelson and Miss Myers were seen together?
 Miss Conant's name was really Mary Nelson?
 M. Hanson and M. Benson arrived at party luncheons on time?

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Cameron is found walking up and down the corridor singing.

Tippy T: What are you singing for, Cameron?

Cameron: Oh! just to kill time.

Tippy T: You have a fine weapon.

IN MEMORIAM

(January 26th, 8:15 A. M.)

Oh Lit. and Themes, Oh Lit. and Themes,
What grief and woe you brought,
Our notebooks down to breakfast
went

Where we more knowledge sought,
How nervously we paced the floor,
Till 8:15 drew near,
Then over to room 39
We went in abject fear.

I remember, I remember,
The look that went around,
When we upon the board did gaze
And that exam we found;
How desperately we thought and thought

Of dates and lines and names,
Each author had to be discussed,
His writings and his aims

Oh Lit. and Themes, Oh Lit. and Themes,
I shudder at the thought,
I know I'll flunk, I know I'll flunk!
What havoc you have wrought
When at last the hour was done
We staggered to the door,
And in the hall we groaned and moaned,

"We should have studied more,"

—C. H.

420

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SHOPPING CENTER

Dr. Durboraw (in class): I do not think teachers should marry (their profession).

Miss Hayes (instructing the slaves how To take out Joseph): Give her support, you know.

L. Sherman: I've had no experience.

Moorhead Weekly News
(and Citizen)
MOORHEAD DAILY NEWS

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H. Brainard to Mr. Collins: What is
pedagogy; is it a childrens' disease?

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "Be in at ten"

WHAT MAKES THEM FAMOUS.

ODINA BEAUDINE—Framing people in roses.
GRACE LOUDON—Doing the proper thing.
KATE KEESHAN—Her musical ability.
LOIS ZICKEFOOSE—Being president of the Senior class.
IDUNA BERTEL—Her brown eyes.
GLADYS BLAKE—Too much noise.
ALICE BONDY—Length.
IRMA BROKER—Ditching a man.
GLADYS QUINN—Bangs.
LORAIN CAMERON—Her whistling solos.
FLORENCE CRAIG—Sarcasm.
MINNIE AND NANNIE HOLSTEN—"Sisterly love."
FRED NORDEN—Curls.
HULDA PETERSON—Too much pep.
ETHEL THOMPSON—Her giggle.
MARTHA KLEPPE—For drawing.
PEARL BERGESON AND SWANHILD JAHREN—Warbling.
MISS SEXTON—Snoring.
MISS WELTER—Talking too much.





A SCENE AT WHEELER HALL

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Moorhead

I hope you'll be man enough not to print any rough jokes on me.

Dr. Durboraw: Have you finished the Romantic Age yet?

O. Beaudin: Oh land! I was through with that long ago.

S. Kenney (introducing a speaker in Women's League): I am sure most of us have met Miss Duffy. She is the police woman of Fargo.

Amelia (who had just received a letter from a soldier friend): Say, Girls, what does S. W. A. K. mean?

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C. O. BYSTROM, Manager

L. McGrann—I was trying to draw a man the other day—on paper—and I had as much trouble on paper as otherwise.

In Honor of
Dearest praises of his worth,
Unasked laud of his good work
Right and left is scattered.
But when flunk slips do appear,
Out to the winds far from here,
Rashly all the praise is hurled,
And another tune does burst
Which is different from the first.

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Car Talk

Criticisms on the play—
Something: The costuming was gorge-
ous! About how much do you sup-
pose it cost?

Awful: Oh, I imagine about \$30.
Pretty good makeup.

Miss Dainty to her friend: Say,
wasn't that girl that took the part of
the baker fat? It's a wonder they
wouldn't give the part to a thinner
person.

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C. Leiu: Would you like to see the
show tonight?

Alice J. Yes, I'd love to.

C. L.: I hope somebody asks you.

All the Naughty teachers
In this mighty land
Make poor Seniors hustle round
And work to beat the band.

Junior (looking down bumped into
a senior) "Say, you look where you
are going."

Senior: "And you, go where you
are looking."

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Barber—Any special way?

C. B.—Yes; off.

Mrs. Geraldson (instructing young children in the art of bathing):
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Boy: Gee whiz, teacher, I don't get that dirty.

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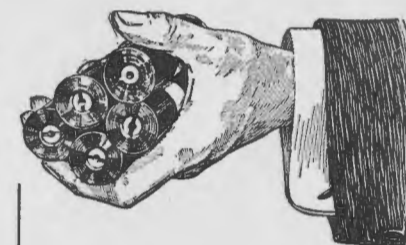
In School Administration Class (while discussing teacher's salaries)—

K. K.—I think it is partly the fault of the Normal schools that the teachers go out for such low salaries.

Mr. M.—Please close the door.

Escort to girl: Would it be proper to wear tan shoes with my tuxedo if I go to the Women's League dance?

Girl: Certainly! Tan shoes blend so nicely with the color of the dance floor that people can't see how much space they cover.



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